

## SHINE

### Gnosticisms

wounds reattest  
that dire if in a  
fit resort to birds  
or cats attracted  
to the nose

### The Hand's Provenance

rats later in the city of ice,  
love is a fault of mystical  
crypts. one tone tooth and  
mother beckon forward and  
exhume scission, sickness  
hung under form, an hour  
of sighs, read only as prance  
or flayed.

### Inset Realigns

spent. splint native and in tents. cockles abound the moon. the quest is a gift of the resume. the fruits of play are conceptual. fallen pastures linger in sad motes. the flight phase is empathic, but don't lick the doors.

## LATCH

the polished shine  
arranged as rain on the side.  
unravelling the condoms,  
waxen jokes and strive.

## MATERIAL VITRIOL

often bets your growing at the end, all marbled and agog, the fabled you a nation formed of morphic resonance and of reruns. i'm in the mood for a clasp. echolocation is our failure.

## Might or Brain

spins in an arch, weeds singing bait  
a form of relapse and peace.  
a mighty light remembers the brain,  
my eye truly lore and toil or dance.  
the brain shale wallows, ferocity spit  
and hair. failure is wedded to the camera  
sheaves. like a deranged plummet  
into the mage, you crave.

## Moon Torments Pony

the trees are luminescent.

the mouse is in the hose.  
must be the time of the hoof.

### Munchkin Says Void, Therefore Clairvoyance

late in the drifting rifts  
knots fern justice imprimatur,  
the halls are gems and elves,  
the readymade is a glue.  
i read this as an empty strophe.

### Painted Labia

whose sexual compliance repels me  
with the dolor of its contour  
the Empress is a jointed labia befalls  
stance wrought implosion

### Pointed Wolves

impostor is a gin and tonic withered by linear eyes, lemmings. whole sexual rappels eaten  
withered at Lourdes and in the country. the depression of the pointed wolf calls us to  
vainglorious rose exploration. hourglass dance senescence, ponds of the wrangle we pursue.

## The Snow Sings

after the moon. one day a plight peeked through splash to sheen a million onions. so what if the lovers preached, the wretched doubt takes its stand.

the sod.

theory a grain street patina. freeze the harder dinners, fade to wands. what if the forecast fails, rubbish and rage and mange from malaria to a lizard. do we hyphenate the ears? a love of doves.

the value of their loaded mellifluous

why whim smith physics in a tank of strum?  
the splash is in the smiling tools --  
i can't resist your singed or singing --  
the hoist is downstairs and is a mess --  
each hour is rapacious and maintains

tomorrow we rust

fly the luminous page. consummate  
the herbal lash as if return.  
the pubic lisp to suffer.

wash no treehouse for free

howl to movement hours of harm to hem? pain.  
alright, we bet the funk on the fist. a deciduous rage  
blights the ventral signs. erect words begin the toil.

### Weeks Apart

isn't the quest a singing, a higher desertion of certain rust, light in the filaments of lingering thimbles? to mind in symbols peninsula thetic face, to fiddle the stern as cast, isn't Mammon a phase of singing the wrong frost on our breaths? i'll dally in the thorough blindness, tied to the addled rests, i'll begrudge the randy and the wine, the follower of the swollen peach, but each lather rubs against my daft, each letter as quaint as a quit parquet, isn't the sway of your folders the maintains of my stutter to liit?

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